

Take Me Home Tonight by [harmon99](#)

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Summary:

Billy crossed his arms in front of him and looked in his driveway. There was Steve's BMW packed full of dipshits all arguing loudly. Mike Wheeler was behind the wheel and Steve was nowhere to be seen. "What the fuck, Wheeler? What did you do with Harrington?" Mike gave Billy an epic bitch face, "I'm pretty sure this belongs to you."

or- the kids drop a drunken Steve off to Billy

Take Me Home Tonight

Billy woke with a start and tried to figure out what it was that had woken him. He was sprawled out on the sofa where he had collapsed after having a shower after work. He looked at the clock on the wall and saw that it read 2:35AM.

Billy sat up and rubbed a hand over his face trying to wake up a little more. Jesus, why was he still on the couch? As he was trying to figure this out, he became aware of a loud car horn and yelling outside.

He frowned as he got up and walked over to the front door. That must have been what woke him up. He swung open the door and shivered as the cool air hit his bare chest. Standing in front of an open door in early March in just sweatpants was not a great idea.

Billy crossed his arms in front of him and looked in his driveway. There was Steve's BMW packed full of dipshits all arguing loudly. Mike Wheeler was behind the wheel and Steve was nowhere to be seen. "What the fuck, Wheeler? What did you all do with Harrington?"

Mike gave Billy an epic bitch face, "I'm pretty sure this belongs to you."

Dustin was in the back seat closest to Billy and began to roll the window down while yelling, "Jesus Christ, I'm doing it! Hold your fucking horses!"

Billy was still confused as to what was going on until he heard a shrill wolf whistle pierce the air followed by Steve Harrington crawling over Dustin and hanging out the window yelling at him, "There he is! You guys see that right there? That's all mine!" Steve added another whistle and was blowing kisses at Billy. A chorus of groans and gagging noises replied to him.

Steve was drunk as hell. Billy smirked at him, "Hey baby."

Steve smiled back at him and winked, "Hey there, big guy."

Mike Wheeler looked like he wanted to kill Steve with his bare hands. Dustin opened the door and Steve tumbled out.

“What the fuck, Henderson!? Watch it!” Billy yelled as he went to help his boyfriend of 8 years up off the driveway.

Dustin winced, “Sorry!”

Steve sat on the ground and Billy peered into the car. Mike, Lucas, Dustin, and Will all looked back at him. “What the fuck happened tonight? I thought Harrington was taking you all out for the last one of you turning 21?” Billy especially glared at Dustin who was like Steve’s little brother.

Dustin shrugged and grinned, “Well it started out that way but then Mike said he didn’t feel like drinking since El wasn’t there, so I bought Steve a shot and then a couple more and next thing we knew he was dancing to Wham! and drunk off his ass.”

Dustin at least had the decency to look a little sorry about it. Lucas and Will were laughing like it was the funniest fucking thing ever and Wheeler just looked like he was 1000% done with everyone. Which was normal for him.

Dustin grinned again, “Hey at least he had a good time!”

Lucas looked disgusted, “And now we know way more about your guys’ sex life than we ever wanted to know. I’m so glad Max didn’t come out with us.”

Will giggled and slapped a hand over his mouth when Lucas glared at him.

Billy looked down at Steve who had wrapped himself around Billy’s legs and was nuzzling his face against his sweatpants. Billy sighed and then pinched the bridge of his nose. These fucking kids will be the death of them.

Dustin looked at Steve and then grinned at Billy, “He’s all ready to go. You’re welcome.” He added an eyebrow wiggle for effect.

Billy groaned, “Are you kidding me? He’s useless to me now. He’s just going to pass out as soon as I get him in bed.”

Mike fake gagged, "Ugh, whatever. We don't need to know the details. I'll bring his car back tomorrow."

Billy glared at Mike, "Thanks Wheeler. You're a real prince among men."

Mike flipped him off and then backed out and drove off.

Billy looked down at Steve who look back up at him dreamily. Steve's cheeks were flushed from the alcohol, his usually perfectly coiffed hair was in disarray, and his large doe eyes were overly bright. He was still the most beautiful thing Billy had ever seen in his life. He thanked God every day that he had had the balls back in high school to make his attraction known.

Billy grinned and ran his hand through Steve's messy hair, "How are you doing there, princess?"

Steve leaned into the touch like a cat and hummed, "Better now that you are here."

Billy cupped his cheek and ran his thumb over Steve's lips and chuckled as Steve gently bit his thumb and tried to suck it into his mouth. "Hold up there, babe. Let's get you inside."

Steve grumbled and did not help Billy at all as Billy dragged his ass off the driveway and into the house. Billy grunted as he basically dragged Steve into their bedroom. "Christ, Harrington. You could at least help a little."

Steve closed his eyes against the spinning room and mumbled, "I am helping."

Billy snorted and laid Steve on the bed. Before he could get away and grab some water for him, Steve grabbed Billy's wrist and pulled him on top of him.

Steve mouthed at Billy's neck, working his way to his mouth. Billy captured Steve's wandering mouth and kissed him deeply.

Steve ran his hands down Billy's muscled chest and tried to get into his sweatpants. Billy pulled away and stopped Steve, "Don't start something you can't finish, princess."

Steve pouted, "I can totally finish this." He made grabby hands at Billy's ass and Billy pulled away with a chuckle.

"Let me get some water in you first and then we'll talk. You are like 90% alcohol right now babe."

Steve grumbled and struggled to pull his shirt off while Billy went to the kitchen to get some water for his lover. Billy was pretty sure that Steve was going to pass out soon. The guy could not hold his liquor for shit. Billy ought to kill those little shits for how Steve would feel in the morning, but he could tell that Steve had had a great time.

When Billy got back to the bedroom that's exactly what he found. Steve laid shirtless on his belly, completely passed out. Billy sighed and sat the water next to Steve's side of the bed. He started with his shoes and socks and then rolled Steve over so that he could get his pants off.

When he was done Steve laid there in his black boxer shorts snoring softly. Billy bit his lip at the affection welling up in his body. God he loved him.

Billy manhandled Steve under the covers and got in beside him. Steve rolled on his side and snuffled his face in Billy's neck. As Billy ran his hand up and down Steve's bare back, he couldn't think of any other place he wanted to be.